

Dear Diary

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Summary: The Goyle brother's wanted to pull a prank at Draco by making him fall for his nemesis, but why didn't the love potion work? And what will happen when Harry found out Draco's keeping a diary...?

Dear Diary

This work is inspired by and dedicated to xmakokuroneko!
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Dear Diary

We all have our secrets. The longer you keep them that way the longer you survive. It's all about politics, you see. That's what his Father kept teaching him. As long as your enemies didn't know your weaknesses and secrets they couldn't touch you. You'd stand above them, and the more you knew about your enemies the more powerful you became. Especially if they knew it.

It's safe to say that Draco had secrets, a lot of them actually, and he'd like to keep it that way.

One day, though, and everything changed.

It was a usual night followed by a usual morning. It was a Saturday which meant that most of the Slytherins were going to sleep in, but not him. He had his own business to attend to.

Draco layed in his bed, making sure that all of his dormmates were asleep before he sat up on his knees in his bed and turned to the wall behind him. There was a portrait there of a man with a boa constrictor around his shoulders. Draco rolled his eyes at the portrait before he grabbed the edge of the frame and pulled it towards him with one hand. The other hand went behind it to grab a rather familiar item.

With the item in hand Draco laid back in his bed and started going through the pages.

Draco Malfoy is supposedly one of the most improbable students to write a diary, that's what makes it so clever. If no expects it, then no one will go looking for it. Draco smirked at himself.

Mostly Draco ranted about the boy who is as infuriating as he is famous. Harry Potter. If there's a limit to how much you can hate someone Draco has long since exceeded it with Potter.

On one page Draco even drew the Golden Boy and everytime he saw it he sneered at it. Draco was quite happy with it, to be honest, it was so good Potter couldn't do it justice. If only the eyes were the right shade. But oh well, no one could be perfect. Except Potter wasn't perfect, not at all! The git was so much less! Draco nodded to himself and turned the page.

The noise of shuffling was heard somewhere and Draco all but threw his diary beneath his quilt. The source of the noise made itself known as the boy rose from his bed, a second later accompanied by his brother.

It was the Goyle's. Vincent and his younger brother Alexander Goyle. And they looked at Draco oddly, but thay always do.

"Breakfast?" Goyle asked. Vincent. He scrathced his forehead.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Obviously", he said matter-of-factly. "You go ahead, I'll catch up with you later", he added and looked at the two brother's who whispered about something he couldn't catch but seeing as it was the Goyle brothers he didn't care.

The two Goyle's left the dormitory and Draco sighed in relief. Draco put the diary back in safety, got dressed and headed to the Great Hall. Little did Draco know that the two brother's, albeit how dim they both were, had been planning to play a little prank on Draco.

Alex and Vincent sat down at the Slytherin table by their usual seats but this time something rather unusual was going to happen.

Alex pulled a little flask from his pocket and poured its content into Draco's glass, or rather, the glass from which Draco was going to drink when he got down there.

And that he did.

Draco strode over to the two brothers and sat by his usual place. Most of the Hall was already filled with students.

As Draco started grabbing onto different bread and toppings while ranting about everything he could manage to rant about- classes, Potter, the Hufflepuffs, the food, Potter, classes- he didn't notice the green eyes that were looking at him, following his every movement.

"Who would've thought someone like Voldemort had a diary?!" someone said to Harry's left side but he didn't drop his gaze. It wasn't of

any importance so why should he care.

"Yeah, but that's what makes it so brilliant!" Hermione squealed.
"Because no one would expect it!" she explained. Harry thought about that, still looking at Malfoy. He wondered to himself whether or not Malfoy kept a diary and then snorted at himself for thinking that. No one like Malfoy would ever, ever, keep a diary! It's insane.

"But that's what makes it so brilliant. Because no one would expect it!" Hermione's words echoed in his mind and before he could even realise what he was doing he had stood and was walking towards the exit, on his way to the Slytherin common room. Thank Merlin he had decided to bring his Invisibility Cloak to breakfast.

The Goyle brothers noticed the Gryffindor boy first. Vincent looked at Draco, making sure to wait until he had taken a swig of his drink before he asked his question. The content of the flask Alexander Goyle had poured into Draco's drink, you see, was Amortentia. It would make the person who drank it fall in love with the first person they'd see for two hours and because the Goyle brothers knew how much Draco hated Potter it would be the ultimate prank.

"Hey, what's up with Potter?" Vincent Goyle asked, knowing the question would attract Draco's attention. And it did.

Draco looked up and immediately spotted Potter on his way towards the entrance. "He looks the same to me, that bloody fool". The Goyle brothers shared a look and scratched their heads. "Maybe it just needs sometime before it works", Vincent said and they nodded in unison.

As if sensing Draco's eyes on him Potter turned his gaze and looked straight at him, his eyes going just a tad larger.

He was up to something. Draco knew it and as he saw the panic in Potter's eyes he decided that he was going to find out exactly what.

Draco was out of the Hall just a couple of seconds after Potter and saw the boy in a sprint towards the dungeons. "Curious", thought Draco. Because what business could the Chosen One possibly have in the dungeons on a Saturday? The boy despised the place. Then it occurred to him and he swore and sprinted after him. The Slytherin common room!

Draco ran and ran but as he turned the corner the boy was gone. Maybe he was just faster than draco had expected? He couldn't stop now, he kept running and running because whatever Potter was up to, couldn't be good.

Harry had slipped under his invisibilty cloak and praised himself for his cleverness that morning that he had brought it along. He was standing outside of the entrance to the Slytherin common room, he knew where it had been since he had been there once in second year.

All Harry had to do now was wait for someone to open for him. He didn't have to wait for long as a Slytherin girl left the room to go to breakfast and Harry slipped inside.

It was green. Very green. Greener than he had remembered but just as horrible. How could someone live here?

Harry looked around, checking one more time that he was still covered by the Cloak before he slipped further inside enemy territory. It was empty of people, no sounds, no voices. Everyone was probably already at the Great Hall enjoying their breakfast.

He stepped into a room, a dormitory, his next task was the most difficult one: find the diary.

The dormitory looked almost identical to his own apart from the colours and the light. There was something that made the room feel haunted. Apart from the fact that it's in the dungeons. Harry snorted.

Well, well, where could it be?

Draco reached the entrance to the Slytherin common room, spoke the password and went inside. He looked around but it seemed empty and sighed in relief. He was just being paranoid that was it, but he had to be sure. Draco went into his dorm where nothing seemed out of place but his gut. His instincts told him that something was wrong and it made him suspicious.

He made his way to the portrait with the man and the boa constrictor. Draco closed his eyes as he grabbed the sides of the frame and prayed that his diary was still inside. When he pulled one of his hands inside his secret hidingplace he swore under his breath.

Gone.

Oh he was going to _kill_ Potter!

Draco let go of the frame, picked up his pillow and threw it across the room in frustration. Potter was probably back in the Gryffindor Tower by now, already laughing about Draco's deepest secrets and thoughts with the Weasel and Mudblood.

But just as Draco was about to give up he heard a sound like a door closing and stood up before he could even reflect it. He strode out of the dorm to find the source of the sound. Someone was inside the bathroom. No scratch that. _Potter_ was inside the bathroom.

Harry sat in one of the stalls. When he noticed Malfoy was onto him he had panicked, especially since he knew that Malfoy knew that he had found what he was looking for. And seeing the Slytherin boy's reaction to the empty hidingplace Harry was even more eager to find out what the git had been plotting or his secrets.

Harry tried opening the diary but it wouldn't let him so he tried a couple of spells the Weasley twins had taught him when they were planning a prank on Ginny.

The diary opened and Harry's eyes doubled in size.

***"Saint Potter"**, Harry read his name on the parchment and immediately froze. What could the Slytherin boy possibly write about him, and in his own diary no less.

Harry kept reading.

I wish he could just stay away from me. As far away as possible. I've tried staying away from him, Merlin knows I've tried. Find someone with as vibrant eyes as Potter and I'd like to see **you try! I'm telling you it's not that simple. It's easy, though, in a way it is. I can always get a rise from him, maybe not the kind I want but still, I know which buttons to push and I push them. He may hate me for it but that's better than avoiding me, right. Right? Merlin knows why I'm in love with the git. **

Well. Harry hadn't expected _that_. He still didn't, he had to read the page a couple of times over before he realised he wasn't imagining things. Maybe it was just a security thing, like with the Marauder's Map giving insults to the person trying to open it. Harry nodded to himself, that could be it. But why would Malfoy leave the precaution be _that_?

Harry had been too busy with the diary that he hadn't noticed the bathroom door opening or the footsteps. Someone was opening the stalls and Harry thanked Merlin he was still wearing his Cloak.

Draco opened another stall, letting his hand slip through the air, maybe Potter had put on a Disillusionment charm on himself and the diary. Finding nothing Draco closed the stall and went on to the next one, dragging his hand through the air once again. This time he could feel something, it was soft almost like garment and he pulled at it until it lay by his feet.

Potter was sitting there, fully clothed -thank, Merlin, that could've been awkward!- with Draco's diary in hands. He grabbed Potter's shirt and yanked the boy up on his feet.

"I'm going to bloody _kill_ you Potter!" Draco hissed. Potter looked calmly into Draco's eyes, never looking away no matter how much Draco tried to make his eyes look hateful.

"No you're not", Potter said calmly and Draco wanted to punch him or scream at him. "It's not that you can't, but that you don't want to".

Draco held onto Potter's shirt tightly. He was going to _kill_ him! No matter what Potter believed or not, he was! And then Draco looked at Potter, out of breath, his pouty, pink mouth slightly opened and his vibrant green eyes large like an owl. Draco was going to _kill_ him, he was sure of it. But he could kiss him first.

And he did.

The kiss was urgent and rough, teeth clashing, lips pressed as tightly as possible but not tightly enough. Potter kissed him back hungrily as if it was a drug neither one of them could get enough of.

Harry gripped Malfoy's shoulders tightly, almost piercing and Malfoy pulled back from the kiss and started ravishing Harry's neck. Harry moaned audibly. Seriously, why didn't we do this sooner? Potter thought to himself but as he heard -or rather, felt- Malfoy chuckle

against his throat he knew he had accidentally said it aloud.

He didn't care, though. It was true.

Draco pulled up Potter's shirt and dragged his hands over the Gryffindor's abdomen sending shivers of pleasure through both boy's bodies.

In a haste of movements they were at it again, the rough and hungry kissing, but this time they weren't just busy kissing each other, they were also pulling at each other's clothes muttering "more skin" in between kisses. Harry was the first one without a shirt but Malfoy followed him soon afterwards. They worked on each other's belt buckles and before they knew it they stood in front of each other stark naked.

The kissing slowed down and Draco pulled back from the kiss to look at the boy in front of him. It felt a bit intimidating, he had dreamed of this for such a long time, imagined how it would feel and now it was within his reach. It was intimidating.

Draco's gaze dropped lower on Potter's body and he smirked to himself. Potter's cock was hard, demanding attention. It was Draco who made him like this and he knew exactly what he wanted to do. What he was going to do.

He dropped to his knees, placed his hands on Potter's arsecheeks. Draco looked up to see Potter's expression, he looked shocked but after a couple of seconds he looked excited. Draco smirked at him and proceeded to kiss the head of Potter's cock. As of their own accord hands were placed on the top of Draco's head, playing with his hair, messing it up. Potter's breath was ragged and short and it was Draco who made him like this. He had this effect on the Boy Who Lived.

Draco dragged his tongue on the underside of his cock and felt Potter gasp and shake. Draco kept teasing him with small, infuriating movements.

"Get on with it, already", Potter hissed and if the situation had been different Draco may have laughed but he needed this just as much as Potter did. His own cock jolted as if begging for attention, too, but it could wait just a tad longer.

Draco buried Potter's cock all the way in his mouth, stroking with his tongue and sucking, swallowing. Trying to take him in deeper and deeper until Potter wouldn't know where he stopped and Draco began.

Harry tried -wanted- to thrust deeper inside Malfoy's gorgeous mouth but the blonde held him still. Harry's breath was uneven and he was shaking with pleasure, warmth pulsating through his body from Malfoy's mouth and his own cock.

Damn, he was close.

"I want", Harry began but it was so raspy and he was so close. He tried again but failed so instead he pushed Malfoy away from him and coldness enveloped his cock imediately.

Draco looked up at Potter. Was it too much? Had he read the other boy wrong? Hadn't he wanted it?

"I want you inside me", Potter said and Draco groaned but stood, pushing Potter towards the wall.

"Yes, master", Draco teased and dragged his hands from Potter's shoulders and down, down, down to his round arse. He muttered a lubrication spell under his breath and pulled a finger inside Potter's tight muscle.

"Show off", Potter said, Draco lent forward and nuzzled his earlobe.

"You should be thankful", Draco said and pulled his finger out, taking two in instead.

"I am", Potter breathed as Draco thrusted his fingers inside him. Potter was ready for him now, and Draco was more than that.

Draco worked some lube on his own cock and it jolted with excitement, the touch in itself almost made him want to close his eyes but Draco didn't let himself, not until he was surrounded by Potter.

Malfoy thrusted inside Harry and at first pain enveloped the Gryffindor but a couple of more thrusts in and he was moaning audibly in pleasure.

Neither boy lasted as long as they would've liked and came simultaneously, Harry all over the wall and Malfoy inside Harry.

After they'd cleaned themselves up and got dressed they shared another kiss but this time it was slow and passionate and full of tomorrow's.

"We need to keep this a secret", Draco said sternly after he pulled away.

"What would you have us do?" Potter asked. "Get a girlfriend?" His voice was sarcastic, as if he was joking but Draco smirked at him.

"I must say, I like the way you think, Potter", Draco announced. Potter took a step closer to the Slytherin.

"I bet you like more than that", Potter all but purred and dragged a hand up Draco's side.

And then they were on with it again.

The End

End
file.